

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 14.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1807.

952.

EUPHEMA;

OR,

THE NUN OF ST. CLARE.

(CONTINUED.)

"EUPHEMA's heart beat low and languid and the blood within her veins felt icicles. Her fears were dark and inexplicable, yet every sense felt fast receding. She raised her hands and eyes as if for mercy, but again they fell, for she could utter nothing.

"Oh, sense forsake her!" cried her father, surveying her with horror, "quite, quite forsake her, and bury all remembrance of what I utter in eternal death!—Deloraine," he continued, "before you saw the light, before I espoused Euphema's mother, I—"

"What! what!" gasped Deloraine, in predictive agony.

"I loved—must I go on?"

"Deloraine was speechless.

"Your mother!—I loved her, she made me a father!—You," he gasped, "you, Deloraine, you are my son!"

"Euphema heard no more—one feeble shriek escaped her;—and her senses sunk into the oblivion of death.

"Deloraine started wildly on his feet. His looks—ah! who could describe his looks! they were as full of deadly horror as his soul!—in hollow tones he spoke:—"Father!—recall the dreadful word.—Swear, quickly swear it false, before my tongue shall blast your senses, as you have blasted mine. The burning bolt of Heaven falls not more deadly than another word from my lips will fall on you;—swear then it is not so," cried he, in a voice not human, "swear!"

"I cannot," said the Comte, "you are my son!—and though my soul doats on you, even now I see your mother's curses in your face!"

"Not in my face," cried Deloraine, his voice, his look uncommon, "no, Comte Bournonville, the bolt has rightly sped; yes, a mother's guilt is visited on me—"

"Oh, she was innocent!" groaned the father, but he was unheeded;—Deloraine went on,—

"Yes, yes, father, the sting is in my heart! Her curse, look not for it in my face,—no, no, cast your eyes there, there on your wretched, ruined child!—read it, feel it there—"

"The Comte cast his eyes involuntarily on the ashy face of his unconscious daughter, but their haggard glare soon refixed with wild emotion on Deloraine,—"*Be calm, Deloraine,*" he resumed, "*you may, you shall be happy yet.*"

"Happy!" he shrieked, a delirium of horror seizing his senses, "*what is that!—but thanks, thanks, she is pale and dead!—Yes, dead!—Angel of mercy, pillow my parched brain with thy cold bosom, dead, dead Euphema!*"

"My son, be composed, think how blessed you are, saved from a deed of despair, so deadly that—"

"This mine!—I have it all!—I have it here—here in my very heart! for know thou, father

—thou dread destroying father, that thou hast not yet thy curse! No, it lives not yet, it only throbs; but, ere long, it will speak thy—"

"Stop! Eternal horrors what a thought!"

"Hear it!" cried the frantic brother husband, "a child,—a child of mine, my child now throbs within Euphema's breast!—My sister is the mother of my child!—Now, father, think upon the curse; my infant's first faint cry will sound it in thine ears. My Euphema! my Euphema, it shall not reach thee!—we—we—"

"were innocent, he would have added, but nature was overpowered, and as he fell beside her the retreating spirits sunk into a deadly torpor, from which they never awoke.

"The father—but who can delineate what the father endured! Dark and still as is the gloomy horizon before the destroying tempest bursts on the affrighted ear, he cast one despairing look upon his undone children; the past, the present, and the future all crowded in horrid tumult about his heart, and communicated frenzy to his burning brain,—but that was a suspension from anguish, and was momentary. Soon, too- soon came recollection; he folded his arms and gazed on each alternately; he paused, and in that pause of the brain's tempest thought deepened into strong determination, when calmly saying, "*No more!*" he took one other look and left the convent.

"Before the close of her bridal day the poor, destroyed Euphema gave a female infant to the world,—dropped one soft maternal tear on its little innocent face, and with a speechless look that reached the heart, her feeble arms delivered the baby to her beloved Constance. That faithful friend had never, even for a moment, quitted her suffering bed; she watched her with a sister's care, and with a sister's love. No fear alarmed, no guilt disturbed these latest moments of poor Euphema's life; all was atoned, all was at peace! Once the lovely unfortunate wearily raised her dying eyes upon her hapless child, crossed her enfeebled hands upon her breaking heart; her soul was busy, her lips moved, she tried to speak, but could not,—the springs of being had ceased, nature was worn out; and the spirit of Euphema at length knew peace, for she was an angel.

"Deloraine himself, while the wearied soul trembled on his pale lips, had been supported to the corpse of Euphema; he took the little smiling infant in his dying arms, and gave it all he had to give, an unhappy man's blessing.

"Child of woe! offspring of horror and despair!" said he, in weakened accents, as he restored it to Constance, who reposed its little orphan head on her own compassionate bosom, "Rest ever ignorant of your parent's destiny, and in that ignorance you may live in peace!—Far from this land, fatal to her who bore me, let this poor child be reared, and never know the circumstances of her most unhappy birth. Dearest Constance, friend of an angel sufferer, guard this poor relic of the dead Euphema; and in a better world, where none can suffer for another's crimes, your virtues and your charity will meet remuneration."

"Deloraine was able to speak but very little

more; the aged confessor of the convent soothed and sustained his spirit in his last moments, and, without one sigh, in that sanctuary which his impetuous feelings had once contaminated, in which he had known his most happy hours, and where he had experienced his most miserable moments,—even beneath that hallowed dome, he resigned his being, and with Euphema, in a cemetery belonging to the convent, reposed in the sacred stillness of the grave.

"Thus the shrouded clay, forbidden to unite on earth, rested on one oblivious pillow in the dust, and mouldered undisturbed together. Often as the low winds of night blew softly over the long grass that skirted the lone grave, and when the chill dews glistened in the pale beams of the waning moon, Constance would kneel on the hallowed mound, and most sweet and sacred was the tear that, virtuous pity dropped upon the lamented and unhonored grave of Deloraine and Euphema.

"The old Comte Bournonville, tortured by the gnawings of remorse, and incessantly pursued by the phantoms of despair, was unable to support a miserable existence. The night succeeding Deloraine's death, he sent for his confessor, and having instructed him to note down his last confessions, and desires after his departure, he sacrilegiously resolved to raise his arm, and force his greatly erring spirit unbidden in the awful presence of an offended creator.

"His dying acknowledgments proved an ample punishment for the crimes of his abandoned son, by giving unequivocal testimony that he was illegitimately born; he was deprived of every hereditary distinction, while the exposure of his unnatural conduct, and deceptions towards an amiable sister, held him up to the gaze of society as an unprincipled monster, though dignified by the creative hand of Heaven with an human form.

"All that the old Comte could bequeath from his lineal successor he left to the nameless orphan of his daughter, with a supplication that the generous Constance would never forsake her helpless infancy; that prayer, with a bequest more than sufficient to answer all the purposes of moderate life, was accompanied with a brief narrative of Deloraine's birth, and as it may not prove unsatisfactory to the reader, but rather be found to explain some parts of the history, we will insert it here.

COMTE BOURNONVILLE'S CONFESSION.

"In these latest moments of a most troubled life, of a life rendered wretched by early indiscretions and concealed crimes, I would leave a testimony of how very ineffectual wealth and greatness are to secure tranquility, unless supported by conscious rectitude and unblemished honor. The privileges of greatness, the distinctions of the world, were mine in a supereminent degree, and my condition appeared enviable in the eyes of men who only survey the surface of things; while in the purer sight of God, I was beneath the poorest being who had one pretension to moral worth. This the voice of conscience, which circumstances cannot still, daily and hourly whispered; and in proportion as

Progressive occurrences enforced these whippers, they embittered my richest enjoyments, and humbled the proudest schemes of my aspiring ambition. I lived the slave of an accusing spirit; and though my plans were arranged almost beyond human power to circumvent, or disturb their security, still my predictive mind shrunk from the future, and I often trembled with fancied horrors, to which reason could give no name. It was guilt, conscious guilt; it was the fiend, the pursuing fiend that never forsakes the mind darkened by transgression, until vicissitudes cease, and the hopes, and the fears of mortality are extinguished together.

"During the life of my parents, whose passions were uncontrollable, and whose hereditary pride was excessive, I became acquainted with a young English woman, who resided with her father near Paris for her education. Unfortunately she attracted my notice. She possessed a distinguished beauty, with every elevated and elegant endowment, but her birth being inferior to mine, her pretensions were humble, and her hopes unambitious; yet, alas! she proved irresistible, and inspired a fatal love, which her own gentle spirit returned with modest ardor.

"Her father, without consulting her inclination, had affianced her to a young man of excellent character, in her own country, with whom she might have been humbly, and reasonably happy, had not my baneful influence interposed, and dashed the cup of innocent felicity from her smiling lips. I myself had some time before been betrothed to Euphemia's mother, and for a long time my pride and principle struggled with preference and passion. I could not resolve to relinquish the wealth and distinctions which accompanied the union of my parent's choice; and neither could I resign the modest unobtrusive beauties of my humbler love. To subdue her virtue, or even to shake her principles, I soon perceived to be impracticable; and in a moment therefore most fatal to the repose of both, I suggested a plan to which the guileless angel yielded instant acquiescence.

(Conclusion in our next.)

SELECT SENTENCE.

"No degree of wit and learning, no progress in commerce, no advances in the knowledge of Nature, or in embellishments of art, can ever thoroughly tame that savage, the natural human heart without religion. The art of social life may give a sweetness to the manners and language, and induce, in some degree, a love of justice, truth and humanity; but attainments derived from such inferior causes are no more than the semblance and the shadow of the qualities derived from pure Christianity.

ANECDOTE.

Jack Bannister seeing Suett, one night, behind the scenes, when dressed for his part, with something under his cloak, asked him what it was?—"A poinard," answered he; but Jack observing that it was a bottle, took it from him, and having drank the contents, returned it to Suett, saying, "There, I give you the scabbard back again."

SCRAP.—Nature gives merit, and fortune sets it to work.

CANZON.

O weep not thus, we both shall know
Ere long a happier doom—
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall surely go,
And sweetly sleep, releas'd from woe
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of Care,
And Sorrow rock'd me in it—
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear,
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair
My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess,
As natal boons were given—
And the fair form of Happiness,
Which hover'd round, intent to bless,
Scar'd by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to heaven.

For I was made in Joy's despite,
And meant for Misery's slave—
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
Across my grave!

CANZON.

CANST thou forget the silent tears
Which I have shed for thee?
And all the pangs, and doubts, and fears,
Which scattered o'er my bloom of years
The blights of misery?

I never close my languid eye
Unless to dream of thee—
My every breath is but the sigh
My every sound the broken cry,
Of lasting misery.

O, when in boyhood's happier scene
I pledg'd my love to thee,
How very little did I ween
My recompence should now have been,
So much of misery!

SONG.

Said a smile to a tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

I came from the heart,
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I, said the smile,
That heart now beguile,
Since you gave the poor mourner relief.

Oh! then, said the tear,
Sweet smile, it is clear,
We are twins, and soft pity our mother;
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another.

A DREAM.

I thought this heart consuming lay
On Cupid's burning shrine—
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And plac'd it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun,
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A Young Lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate Friend.

"I cannot be satisfied my Dearest Friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever beat in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell with the liveliest emotion of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person & manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure a wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend, and not as a play-thing, or menial slave, the woman of his choice. Neither party, he says should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighborhood round, generous and charitable to the poor, than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication, (for so I must call the excess of his love) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, & wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word—and to crown the whole,—my former lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy."

N. B. The key to the above letter, (in cypher) is to be read the first, and then every alternate line only.

THE STOLEN PIG.

A person of respectability, though of a narrow mind, lived in a village where the inhabitants vied with each other to contribute to his pleasure; even when any of them killed a fat pig, they never failed to send some choice part for his acceptance. At last he thought proper to kill one too, and on this occasion gave a striking proof of his parsimonious spirit. On the arrival of the butcher he immediately opened his mind to him, by observing, "My good neighbors have so frequently presented me with a share of their fat pigs, when they killed, that I consider myself bound as it were, to return the favor; and I am at a loss how to avoid it." After a pause of a few moments, "Oh," said he, "now I have it; I'll say my pig is stolen." "Aye, do so," replied the butcher, "it is an excellent notion." This was agreed to. The pig was brought forth, killed, and hung up in the kitchen, there to remain till the next morning, in order to be cut up. The butcher having informed himself of the disposition of his employer, and thinking he might play his part in concert with his friends, repaired in the night to Gripeall's kitchen, and bore off the prize. In the morning, he repairs to the house to finish his work, and, as he expected, meets the owner

of the pig in a most violent rage at his loss. "Hey dey, what is the matter?" said the butcher. "I have lost my pig; some villain has stolen the fine animal; what shall I do?" "That's right," said the butcher, placing his finger to his nose, and assuming an arch look. "That's right, you'll do; egad you do it well." "But it is really stolen," said the man. "Stick to that," said the butcher, "and you'll do. I really never saw a man act his part so nicely as you; I'll be bound for it, there is not a person in the village who will not believe you to be in earnest."

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MAY 16, 1807.

Fire.—On Friday morning, May the 8th, about 2 o'clock, the house occupied by Mr. Alexander M'Kinzey, painter and glazier, in Greenwich-street, was discovered to be on fire; and before it was got under, the following houses (all two-story frame buildings,) were laid in ashes:—

The house owned and occupied by Mr. M'Kinzey, the upper part of which was tenanted by widow Haggard, as a boarding house.

The house adjoining, owned by Mr. M'Kenzie, unoccupied.

The house owned and occupied by Mr. John Money penny, grocer and dyer.

The house owned by Mr. Samuel L. Page, and occupied by Mr. Yeoland, confectioner.

The house occupied by Mr. Frederick Shanewolf, hair dresser.

The house owned and occupied by Mr. Daniel Heustis, grocer; and

The house and stable owned by Mr. William Ross, and occupied by Mr. Jacob Somerendyke.

It is not known, certainly, how the fire originated; but it is supposed to have been the work of some incendiary; for on Wednesday night Mr. M'Kinzey's shop-door was forced open, and probably with a design to set the house on fire.

We are sorry to add, that a woman and child were burnt to death, whose bodies were picked out of the rubbish on Sunday morning. We have not learned their names.

Suicide.—A most singular instance of suicide occurred on Wednesday morning last:—Dennis Miller, a widower, married a Miss—on Tuesday evening; the next morning he rose, walked to the Episcopal burying ground at Greenwich, placed himself upon the grave of his deceased wife, and discharged the contents of a pistol in his ear, and expired in a few minutes after. Several persons, witnesses to the transaction, immediately repaired to the spot, and found a paper lying by him, containing the following words:—

"Say not I committed suicide—Say not I was deranged—Oh no, it was the sensibility of my heart that hurt me—Farewell world! and you that loved me—Oh! take care of my child—I am not afraid to meet my God!"
DENNIS MILLER.

Dunmore, convicted at the last court of Oyer and Terminer, and who gave himself several stabs with a penknife immediately after the jury had pronounced him guilty, was on Tuesday last brought before the Supreme Court, and sentenced to confinement at hard labour in the State Prison for life. During his confinement in the city prison, since his conviction, he has exhibited a lamentable instance of human depravity.
Mer. Ad.

From the *Peterboro (Madison County) Freeholder.*

Extract of a letter from a respectable gentleman, in the town of Madison, to the printers heretof, dated April 13, 1807.

"A very humiliating event took place in this town last week, the circumstances of which I transmit to you for publication, in order as far as possible to prevent the circulation of erroneous reports relative thereto—they are as follows:

"On Sunday evening the 5th inst. the wife of Alpheus Hitchcock died very suddenly (as report said) under the operation of an emetic; on Monday following her remains were interred in the public burying ground, after a condoling and appropriate sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Snow.—In the course of two or three of the succeeding days, reports began to be whispered of suspicion prevailing with some, that her husband was accessory to her death; this induced an enquiry of the masonic body (of which he is a member) into the more minute circumstances, which were so unfavorable to his innocence, that a messenger was dispatched on Thursday, to Cazenovia, for a coroner; in the mean time he was arrested on a peace warrant. On Friday a jury of inquest was summoned upon the body, which was taken up and inspected. His acknowledgement was, that he had administered an emetic (which had been left by his family physician in the house at some former time) in compliance with her request—that she had been ill for four or five days; that she was particularly opposed to having a physician called, but that while she was under the operation of the emetic he did call a physician, who arrived, however, not until after her death. He also confessed, that on the same day, as he was out breaking the roads (for they were blocked up by the snow that fell the preceding week) he called at a neighboring druggist shop and purchased half an ounce of arsenic, (as he said) to destroy the rats with which his house was infested, and since the death of his wife he had made use of a part for that purpose. On an examination of other witnesses it appeared that there had a coldness existed between him and his wife, for a considerable time; that his acknowledgement was in some measure, inconsistent with itself, and the testimony of others. I would further remark, that on an examination of the stomach of the deceased, there were appearances of some inflammation, and yellowish white, earthy or mineral powder found mixed with the fluid and adhering to the coats of the stomach; this fluid is preserved for chemical tests; no positive proof of his guilt appeared on an examination, but there were such a concurrence of circumstances against him, that on Saturday afternoon the jury returned a verdict of *Willful Murder*; by the said Alpheus Hitchcock, her husband.

"I ought not in justice to the jury and citizens at large, omit to remark, that through the whole of the development of this melancholy affair, the most earnest solicitude was manifested in every countenance, while the utmost candor and delicacy of conduct prevailed through the whole.

"The verdict was unanimous with the jury, and the citizens, though assembled in multitudes to hear it, expressed no signs of disapprobation or censure. Mr. Hitchcock, has resided three years in this town, and supported the character of an honest, upright man, and a good citizen: He was committed to Whitestown goal on Sunday for trial at the oyer and terminer.

Tickets for sale at this office. Eastern Money taken in payment.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Hark! how the fields and woodlands ring—
To hail the sweet return of spring.
The feather'd warblers join—
Secure amidst the leafy grove,
They tune their little throats to Love,
In harmony divine.

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Benjamin Earl, to Miss Sophia Woodruff, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. Benjamin Gollet, of this city, to Miss Phoebe Combs, of Long-Island.

On Monday evening, Captain Alexander Sisson, to Miss Rhodes, only daughter of William Rhodes, Esq. merchant, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. M'LAY, Mr. James M'Esair, merchant, to Miss Eliza Abrahams, all of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Milledollar, Mr. Ezra Robins, to Miss Ann Mesrole, of Bushwick.

Lately at Hudson Mr. John C. Sharp, of Albany, to Miss Catharine Oakley, of New-York.

MORTALITY.

Like bubbles on the sea of matter born,
We rise—we break—and to that sea return.

DIED.

Suddenly, on Monday evening last, Mr. Nathaniel Austin, for many years a weigher for this port.

On Saturday last, after a short illness, in the 13th year of her age, Miss Charlotte Lenox, daughter of Robert Lenox, Esq.

On Saturday last, after a short and severe illness Mr. Alexander Mitchell, wine merchant of this city, aged 48 years.

In the village of Troy, on Monday evening last, very suddenly, Mr. Robert Moffitt, senior proprietor of the Northern Budget, in the 34th year of his age.

NATURAL & ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

J. Greenwood, Dentist to the late President;
George Washington,

Informs the public that he continues to perform every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums. Except extracting them unless it is necessary to do it for the purpose of replacing others.

J. Greenwood fixes in both natural and Artificial Teeth, from a single one to a complete set. The approbation which the late illustrious Washington was pleased to bestow on him, he flatters himself, is a sufficient recommendation of his abilities as a Dentist.

Extract from General Washington's letter.

January 6, 1799.

"I always prefer your services to that of any others in the line of your present profession."

N. B. His prices are very moderate, and no person as yet has exceeded him in facility and neatness of performance.

Any person who has the least inclination of being benefitted by having their teeth preserved, or to have them replaced by artificial ones, and are deterred from it by bad advice or temerity, will do well by calling on J. Greenwood, and receive advice gratis, with every necessary explanation concerning the line of his profession, at his house No. 14 Vesey-Street, directly opposite the side of St. Pauls church.

May 16.

GARDENS LAID OUT IN STYLE.

Charles Stantz, lately arrived from Switzerland, informs the Gentlemen of York-Island, that he undertakes all kinds of work in his art. For further information, apply at William Simpson's Grocery-store, corner of Harman and East Rutgers-streets, New-York.

May 16

952-2*

TEA STORE.

Mrs. Todd has removed her Tea Store from No. 68 John-street, to 92 Liberty-street,—where she has just opened a fresh assortment of the best TEAS—Also, Imperial Tea in canisters, best Coffee, Sugars, &c. &c. All orders punctually attended to.

May 2.

980—16

COURT OF APOLLO.

A SONG.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I am weary of a single life,
I really wish I had a Wife;
My years consume in care and pain,
And Nature proves I live in vain;
I've liv'd so long through doubt and fear,
The Girls now fly me like a deer;
And when I ask a pretty maid,
If she of wedlock is afraid;
Or if I ask the rosy Miss,
If she will grant me but a kiss,
Or Sally will you be my bride
She laughs as if she'd break her side;
Good Lord! must I endure such scorn,
I wish I never had been born—
Or I had shun'd this deadly woe,
By wedding twenty years ago—
But well they may revile at me,
I'm not the same I us'd to be,
My beard is long, my head is grey,
My eyes are sore, my teeth decay,
My shirt is dirty and much worn,
My coat is old, my small clothes torn,
My shoes also, they have no soles,
My stockings have five hundred holes—
And all those woes and ills of life,
Are owing to my want—a Wife!
Please God, I live and tarry here,
I will have one before a year—
But should I unsuccessful prove,
In all the fond intrigues of love—
Should they despise me and my pelf,
I'll buy a rope and hang myself.

THE PROSTITUTE.

It was a drear cold winter night,
The snow 'twas on the ground,
The howling storm, the black north wind
In icy blasts blew round.

I saw a poor half naked girl,
Sit shivering on the snow,
She held a babe—her cheek was wan—
Her looks were full of woe.

I turn'd me to the poor forlorn,
'Why set you here?' I cried—
She rais'd her eyes, she look'd at me;
She wept aloud and sigh'd.

'Ah me! said she, my babe is dead,
He's frozen to my breast—
Poor little wretch! thy soul, ere now,
In heaven above doth rest.'

She wept again, in anguish then,
Her cries they pierc'd my heart—
I bade her be of comfort, and
To me her tale impart:—

'A lover then, said she, had I,
Alonso, was his name,
He won my heart, he won my all,
Then left me to my shame.

My father, a proud haughty man,
My crime it vex'd him sore,
He curs'd me in his wrath, and then
He drove me from his door.'

She ceas'd to speak; her bosom burst
At thinking of the past—
Then sigh'd and sobb'd, and sobb'd and sigh'd,
Then sigh'd and breath'd her last.

Cards, Hand-Bills, Blanks, &c.

Executed at this Office at shortest notice, and
on reasonable terms.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.

SAMUEL MORRIS, begs leave to inform his friends, and the public in general that he has opened a store at No. 5 Murray-street, near Broadway, opposite the sheriff's office, at the sign of the Boot, where he makes all kind of best fashionable Boots and Shoes, viz. Waterproof, Backstraps, Suwarrows and Cordevan Boots, warranted equal to any in the city, both for work and materials. Where Gentlemen may be supplied with such Boots and Shoes as they want.

Best Dancing Pumps, Morocco or Leather, which he will make to any particular direction or patterns. He will wait on any gentleman at his place of abode to get his orders if notice is given.

All orders thankfully received and executed with neatness and dispatch, on as reasonable terms as can be produced for cash.

Boots neatly mended.

December 6.

SCHOOL.

MRS. HEARNE, returns her sincere thanks to her former friends and employers who have hitherto honored her with the tuition of their children, and respectfully informs them and the public in general, that she intends removing her Seminary on the first of May next, from No. 35, to No. 187 Bowery-Lane, nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary—having taken a convenient, neat, and commodious house for that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situation, where she will continue to instruct Youth in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery & the various branches of Needle Work, &c. She flatters herself that from the assiduous pains and strict attention she is determined to pay to the Morals, Manners, & Education of her Pupils, to merit a continuance of the favors of her friends, and a share of Public Patronage.

N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will be able to accommodate conveniently from 12 to 15 young Ladies to board & educate, if application be made within a month or six weeks from this date.

March 7, 1807

YOUNG LADY'S ACADEMY.

MRS. STONEHOUSE, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that her School for the instruction of Young Ladies, in Orthography, English Grammar, Reading, Writing, and Needle-work, is continued at No. 24 Beaver-Street, in an airy pleasant situation. She returns her most grateful thanks to her former and present employers; and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors, by the assiduity and attention paid to inform the minds, and direct the morals and manners of the children entrusted to her care.

April 11.

4w

THOMAS HARRISON,

Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Dyer, No. 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped.—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, bed-hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicoes dyed black, on an improved plan.

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December 5.

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Stamford, April 4.

946—3m.

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November

926—1f

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